

The Glory of the States

Can Any State Beat Iowa?

Before starting an argument—read how wonderful Iowa is

By HERBERT QUICK

WHEN a father prepares a festival for his children, he keeps back his most perfect gift for the last. After all the things have been presented which affection can prepare, or filial hope anticipate, the climax of generosity is reached when the last and most precious gift is discovered, a beneficence conferred in a seeming extravagance of giving. In the gradual ascent to the apex of perfections in uncovering the varied regions of the world to his children, the All-Father's masterpiece is Iowa.

Nothing has been left undone by nature to complete the work. First, Destiny covered Iowa with the waters of the sea, and for millions of years there dropped to the dark levels of this primordial ocean the lime, the gypsum, and the clays which form the basis and provide for the renewal of her soil. There fell also the sandstones for her buildings, when man should come to make them. Then the seabed rose, the waters receded, and in the hot, moist breath of the carboniferous era were laid down the coals, so that when man came he might find the sun's heat stored for him, clay for that heat to convert to brick, and lime, gypsum and clay to combine with heat into that liquid rock which pours like water and turns to living stone.

But His hand was stretched out still. The clays and ledges and sands were then no better than those of any other land. They would not do for the Masterpiece. So there came on the earth a great chill, and the waters were made into a plow, and with that plow of ice the granites of the north were ground up that their potash might be made soil, and the phosphates were mingled with the potash, and through all ran the lime; and the glacial plow passed over Iowa and made of her a great plain of smooth tilth, and strewed it with black drift fit for the pigmy plows of man.

Then Destiny waited while the waters made channels for themselves. And the swamps dried up. And for millions of years the forces of nature stored nitrogen in the black soil, and filled it with vegetable mold like that which delighted the Children of Israel when they spied out the Promised Land of Canaan, and reported that it was a goodly land.

AND there it lay, a great green savanna, veined with tiny embroideries of forest along the streams, its ground-swell the unending succession of low and rounded hills, its ripples the shadows made by the wind in the waving grass. Destiny kept Iowa one vast cleared field fit for the plow. Destiny laid the Missouri along her western border and the Mississippi as her eastern boundary, that commerce might find them arms of the sea for her future trade. And God looked on his work and

found it good: but in order that it might be superlative, He tilted the surface a little to the south so that the sun might the better work with the rain, and both with that matchless soil for the good of man.

And still Iowa was not yet born. It was not time. Iowa could not be the home of a free people so long as Liberty was obliged to remain "the Mountain Nymph." Now the motto "*Montani Semper Liberi*" on the great seal of our most typical mountain state is about the only thing that state offers which reminds us of the stern democracy of Switzerland or Norway, while Iowa contrives fairly well—even though her great sweep of plains would in a past age have invited the tyranny of an Attila or a Genghis Khan—to make good in a middling, muddling, American way on her heraldic declaration, "Our Liberties we Prize and our Rights we will Maintain." Destiny covered Iowa with her palm until Liberty could be safe on the plains, and thus make possible such states as Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Iowa, where five hundred years ago, if the land had been peopled by the white race, we should have seen a Poland, a Great Russia, or a Siberia.

THEN the curtain was drawn aside from the Western Continent. And still Destiny was not ready for Iowa. American institutions had to be developed and somewhat perfected. At last the hour struck for the discovery of Iowa. It was like the unveiling of a lovely picture—a great undulating green sea enameled with flowers. Not parched by drought like the regions to the west. Not sodden and swampy like the rain-soaked forests to the east. Not stony and sterile like regions farther south. Not in the region of fugacious summers of the north—but just in the right place. In the heart of the empire of corn, the realm of wheat, the kingdom of the paddock, the pasture, the meadow and good brown earth, where winter is cold enough to rest and revivify the soil and summer warm enough and long enough to flood the world with produce.

To the unveiling of Iowa came all the peoples of America. This gives the Hawkeye the power to understand all America. Up along the rivers came the cavaliers from Kentucky and Virginia, and the woodsmen of Missouri and Tennessee. There came also the Southern Hoosiers from Indiana, and the long Suckers from Egypt. Iowa was settled as a Southern state. Her river cities were Southern. The first business life of Iowa was Southern, and her great men were Southern in their sympathies and characteristics. South of the "Q" one still finds the political and social life profoundly affected by the early settlers of the Boone and Crockett stripe. Here and there are the descendants of

the French *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*.

But there came sifting in through Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin the sturdy stocks of New York and Pennsylvania—and the New England conscience in its migration from New England gave Iowa to local self-government and the common school. And after old-fashioned Americanism had become entrenched in the towns and on the farms, there came the best people of Europe—Danes, Northmen, Celts, Germans, British—and filled the state with their virile strains and their democratic philosophies.

God is the supreme opportunist. He proved it by keeping back the best lands in the world for the best peoples in the world, and then turning the plant over to the stockholders—the people of Iowa.

IOWA'S wealth is staggering. Her farms are worth more than all those of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Montana and Wyoming combined. Her farm buildings are of more value than all those in New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Arkansas, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and West Virginia combined. The live stock industry in Iowa is now suffering from depression, but her live stock is worth more than all that of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Florida, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, West Virginia, Louisiana and New Mexico combined.

She is fifteenth in population among the states, and twenty-third in area; but she ranks first in total value of farm products, in value of live stock, in value of farm property per farm, in percentage of farm property improved, in percentage of total area in farms, in number of automobiles per thousand of population, in the value of her horses, in the value of her cattle, in the value of her swine, in poultry, in egg production, in farm implements, in tonnage of forage crops—in spite of the alfalfa of Kansas and the West—in corn production. Her wheat crop is of greater value than that of all Canada or the Argentine. Her corn crop is worth more in money than all the iron ore, or anthracite coal, or petroleum products, or the gold, copper, or silver of all the United States. Iowa is a poor apple state, she thinks, but she has more bearing apple trees than any two of the Pacific states, and in apple production falls below the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Missouri only. Her swine production is worth more than all the farm crops (Continued on page 75)



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The elevator boy acted as guide and stopped at the third floor. This was the region of expensive "transient rooms," and twenty-eight was one at the front. In reply to Gresham's knock a mellow voice called "Come in," and Gresham opened the door.

His first impression was of a room absolutely deluged in papers, for papers of every color and description were littered over the bed, the floor, the chairs, and even the radiator; but among them, and as if rising from a sea of them, appeared a big arm chair, while from the back of the arm chair appeared a head.

As Gresham walked into the room the head turned, a wrinkling forehead confronted him, and he stopped with a start.

His premonition had been correct. It was "The Amœba!"

(To be continued)

Can Any State Beat Iowa?

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of any of the eleven mountain and Pacific states, except California. The cattle she markets every year are worth more than the whole tobacco crop of the United States. Her women and children sell more eggs every year than would buy all the oranges grown in the United States.

The swine of Iowa exceed in value all the farm crops of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Florida, Delaware, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada or Oregon.

The horses of Iowa—in spite of her automobiles—exceed in value the total farm crops of twenty-seven states.

AND now I come to Iowa's peril. She is too rich. God has turned over to her people the greatest plant for generating human happiness which the world has ever seen. He has given it to them under the most favorable auspices. Will she prove herself equal to the task? Will she see to it that her wonderful soil is kept for her people and not for some of her people? Will she keep herself from going in an American way the downward road of Poland—a rich upper class living on an oppressed peasantry? Her boast that the increase of the farm land values of the state in ten years is greater than the increase in value of all the farm land in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Arkansas, Louisiana and Oregon combined is true, and, in a certain sense, a justifiable boast—but to the statesmen of Iowa it should be the warning of Iowa's greatest danger. When land becomes too precious, like jewels and gold, it passes from the possession of the poor.

The greatest possession of Iowa is not her wealth, nor her power of producing wealth, though both are stupendous. It lies in her people, in her free institutions, in her growing body of great traditions. She has produced many great men and women; but her greatest wealth is in that

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fine body of great men and women of whom the world does not hear. To them is committed the keeping of a state which is so wonderful that all its neighbor states make their proudest boast when they assert that those portions of them which lie next the Iowa border are "as good as Iowa."

NEXT month Agnes Repplier, one of the most distinguished literary figures in this country, will write about the glory of Pennsylvania, her native state.

How I Made Them Hire Me

(Continued from page 18)

by a train someday.' I've been looking for two years for that man."

I knew that situation when I laid out my campaign. I set out to prove to some big man that I was the sort of a subordinate who could be trained to be his successor. The job of "next president" is a job that is open in fifty big corporations in this country to-day.

The scrapbook which my wife brought to my rescue we still keep, and once a month we bring it up to date. It is a complete record of my business progress. I could lay it on the desk of a prospective employer to-morrow, and it would tell its own story. Every man ought to keep a scrapbook of letters and other evidences of his business ability and success. You can never tell when it will be needed.

Finally my experience taught me all over again the value of feeling fit and looking fit. I make it a point to be mildly extravagant in my dress. I never come to the office unshaved or with baggy trousers.

For the same reason, I make it a rule never to conduct a business interview when I am tired. If I know that the man with whom I am to deal is fresher and stronger than I am at the moment, I telephone him and postpone the engagement until the next day.

I am fifty-one years old now, and I have conquered the three Fears that break men's hearts. I am in good health; I own my little place in the country, and have a surplus invested in good securities. And I know that if I were to lose my job to-morrow I could have another within a month.

But above all, I am proud to know that after the men in my own line of business had branded me as down and out, I went straight to ten of the biggest men in the country. And I made one of them hire me.

ARE you looking ahead? Getting hired isn't the only thing. The right kind of a job is even more important. In the August number James Hay, Jr., tells about "38,571 Jobs with a Poor Future"—yet in this Presidential year vast numbers of young people are after them.